

Black Is the Colour

The Corrs

Black is the colour of my true loves hair
His lips are like some roses fair
He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes
I wish that day would soon come
When he and I can be as one

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep
For satisfied I never sleep
I write him letters just a few short lines
And I suffer death ten thousand times

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He has the sweetest smile and the gentlest hands
And I love the ground whereon he stands
I love the ground whereon he stands
I love I love I love the ground whereon he stands